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A
SUPPLEMENT
TO
LORD ANSON'S
VOYAGE
ROUND THE
WORLD.

CONTAINING
A DISCOVERY and DESCRIPTION of the
ISLAND of *FRIVOLA*.

BY THE
Abbé *CORER*.

To which is prefix'd,
An Introductory PREFACE by the TRANSLATOR.

L O N D O N :

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Introductory PREFACE

BY THE

T R A N S L A T O R.

THIS little *Piece* merits our Attention on many Accounts. It is very happily conceived, very ingeniously executed, and has met with universal Applause, not only in *France*, but in almost every Country upon the Continent, where it has followed the Book upon which it is founded, and has very justly merited that Title which it now bears. We very often see florid Composures, that promise prodigious Things, and with an affected Air of superior Science impose upon the *Vulgar*; but upon thorough Examination are found to be no more than *elaborate Trifles*. This Performance is directly the Reverse, it promises Amusement; it has all the ravishing Airs, and all the delightful *Graces* of an high finished *Romance*; but at the same Time, it is a severe and judicious *Criticizm*, upon the almost innumerable Follies of the *present Age*. It would please if it had only Life, Spirit and Rail- lery to recommend it. It ought to command our Attention, even if those Beauties were wanting, from the Generosity of the Design, and that noble Freedom of Thought that reigns throughout. It

resembles, so far as they are laudable, the *Eulogy of Folly* by *Erasmus*, the *Utopia* of *Sir Thomas Moor*, and the *Atlantis* of the Viscount of *St. Albans*, without any of their Imperfections; for as it begins in a very *lively* Manner, it proceeds *uniformly* and concludes *excellently*.

It contains a *Polite Satire* upon the *French*, a very high *Panegyric* on the *English* Nation.

In his Description of an *imaginary Country* we are given to understand, that there cannot be a greater *Folly*, than for People to persuade themselves they are *improving*, when in reality they are forcing, violating, and distorting *Nature*. The Consequences of these fallacious Arts are very whimsically represented, and the Grottesque Picture of a Country, where the Productions are all subtilized by *Art*, till they become utterly unfit for the wise *Purposes* for which *Providence* designed them, is very pleasant and surprising, at the same Time that it is very just and perfectly consistent with *Truth*. *Good Sense* teaches, and *Great Men* have affirmed, that *Nature* may be *improved*; but this is to be done by *following* her Steps, *assisting* her Endeavours, and *promoting* her Labours, not by crossing, contradicting and counter-acting her, which *Experience* will inform us (if we are not wise enough to take it upon this Author's Word) can extort only fantastical Appearances, delusory Triumphs, and nothing that can possibly conduce either to the *Benefit* or *Happiness* of *Mankind*.

When he comes to speak of the *Inhabitants*, he shews us with great Strength of Thought and Vivacity of Expression, what a Train of ridiculous Absurdities, inevitably attend upon *false Taste*. When forgetting those necessary Distinctions that arise from *Age*, *Rank*, or *Profession*, a whole Nation gives an indiscriminate Loose to their wild Passions for *Dress*, *Furniture* and *Diversions*. When the *Old*
strive.

strive to hide a Circumstance that ought to render them *Venerable*, not from *others* but from *themselves*, and so lose the Benefit of *Experience*, at the same Time that they are *despised* by those in whose *Follies* they preposterously desire to have a *Share*. When the *SEX* who should be the Patrons of Modesty and Decency in their *full Extent*, piquing themselves upon *Preciseness*, in Point of *Form*, while they indulge themselves in every *grosser Respect*, lay on the *Colour of Virtue*, to hinder *Vice* from appearing *frightful*, so that their *Minds* and their *Faces* are equally *False*; and the giddy Pursuit of a tumultuary *Gallantry*, destroys that noble and necessary *Connection*, which *Providence* intended for the *Support* and *Blessing* of human Nature. When all real *Sense of Dignity* being obliterated, *Magistrates*, *Generals*, *Statesmen*, blend all their great Abilities, with a mean Attachment to trifling *Pleasures*, and set themselves on the *Level* every *Evening* in their *Diversions* with *those* whom they govern in the *Day*; and foolishly fancy that this may be done without Diminution of *Character*, or without lifting the *Theatrical HEROES* they admire by that very Circumstance above *Themselves* in *Vulgar Estimation*.

There are even some *bolder Strokes* than these which reach through Persons at *Things*, and point out many Flaws and Defects both in their *Civil* and *Religious* Administration, which is an incontestible Proof that *Good Sense* is every where the same, and that even in *Arbitrary Governments*, Men of *Genius* will find a Way to express their Contempt of *solemn Fooleries* and *revered Absurdities*, and this borrows so much Elegance and Beauty from the *Manner* in which it is *done*, that even those who feel the *Edge* of the *Satire*, are inclined to pardon the *Stroke* out of regard to the *Honesty* of the *Intention*, and the *Address* shewn in the Management of so dangerous a *Weapon*. Indeed, the Author's *Patriotism*

is his highest Character, his *Ridicule* is every where justly pointed, and if he rallies his *own* Nation severely, they owe it solely to their Excesses, and not at all to the Severity of his Disposition, of which indeed there is not a *Feature* to be discerned throughout his whole Work.

In regard to his *Panegyric*, we are to consider,

FIRST, That it is the pure Effects of his *Impartiality* arising from the Comparison of the *Idea* he has formed of the *Genius* of *our Nation*, with that of his own. He delivers himself upon this Head with great Freedom, from a just Persuasion, that nothing good or great can be attained, but by a steady Pursuit of *Truth*. To this he sacrifices all that vulgar *Self-Conceit*, by which the *French* in general are drawn into a fond Persuasion, that they exceed all other *Nations*, almost in the same Degree that the rest of *Mankind* transcend other *Animals*. That in Point of Courage, Wisdom, Science, Wit, and Politeness, they move in a superior Orb; and that whatever appears of these excellent *Qualities* in other *Nations*, is borrowed by *Reflection*, or caught by *Imitation*. This ostentatious *Folly* he treats as it deserves, and points out very clearly its terrible Effects, by introducing Contempt of the *only Method* by which *Learning* and *Arts* can be kept from running into *Extravagance*, and exalting CAPRICE under the plausible Name of TASTE to that Office which ought ever to be held by GOOD SENSE; yet all this is done not to *deride*, or to *degrade*, but to shame his *Countrymen* into what is *honest*, *laudable*, and *great*. It is for this Reason that,

SECONDLY, he points to *Us* as standing in his Opinion possessed of some high and admirable *Qualities* which the *French*, notwithstanding their *good Opinion* of themselves, hardly *comprehend*. He describes *Us* as admiring *Arts* and *Sciences* only as Instruments of *public Good*, preferring that to every *private Advantage*, and making

making the Welfare of ALL the ruling Passion in every *Individual*. He instances that Zeal, that Intrepidity and Spirit which the *British* Nation have shewn in improving *Navigation*, braving the greatest Dangers in search of *useful Discoveries*, and raising thereby a greater and more glorious *Maritime Power* than *Asia* in TYRE, or *Africa* in CARTHAGE, could ever *boast*. Be it our Business not to bring *Discredit* on this *Piece*, by answering but *indifferently* to what this *elegant Writer* has *vouched* for us; let us, at least, learn from *him* what in our Conduct *Foreigners* would most *admire*; and let us make use of the *good Advice* given in that weighty Line which POPE wisely *borrowed*, and judiciously *commends*, *viz.*

PRAISE *undeserved* is SATIRE *in DISGUISE*.

T H E
E D I T O R ' S P R E F A C E
T O T H E
Dutch E D I T I O N .

To the READER,

*Y*O U are about to peruse this Discovery of the Island of Frivola, but do you know what you are doing? Have you any Apprehension of the Risque you run? You will be charmed with this fine and ingenious Critic on the People of the present Age and their Manners. But be upon your Guard with respect to your self. You will not be able to read four Pages, before you find yourself bit by some satirical Stroke, which your Understanding will approve, without consulting your Pride. Alas! I know this by melancholy Experience. My Parents gave me an Education too solid to qualify me for refined Taste, but Nature will shew itself. I had very boldly read I can't tell how many Books of Reflection, without ever reflecting, when seduced by the Title, and the Succinctness of this, I cast my Eyes over it, and shall I tell you the Truth? At the very second Page I made one Reflection, then another. I discovered myself presently. I looked closely into my own Breast, and found a most monstrous Conjunction between a Frivolian Soul and a Dutch Body. Oh, dearest Reader! whom some happy Instinct has hitherto, it may be, defended from the Plague of Thought; stop, stop short at the first Reflection; it will otherwise beget more. If indeed, according to the established Custom, rising from
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the natural Benignity of our own Hearts, these fell only on our Neighbours, Things might go on in their old Way : But you will apply them to yourself: I give you friendly Notice of it, for this may otherwise produce an astonishing Revolution in you. You will no longer believe that Nothings can deserve a high Price. You will labour to reform, and to fix your Imagination, by giving it good Sense for its Guide. That old fashioned Good Sense which has been so long out of Date will cast over your Intentions and your whole Conduct a Varnish of Antiquity, of which the World has no Comprehension. In the End, it is possible you may become a Man of Merit, a Man of Solidity ; but to be a Man of Solidity before one has Grey Hairs, is to be buried alive, and no less preposterous, than making a Practice of going regularly to Church before one is Thirty.

A
S U P P L E M E N T
T O
Lord ANSON'S Voyage round the WORLD.

C O N T A I N I N G

A DISCOVERY and DESCRIPTION of the Island of
FRIVOLA.

ADMIRAL ANSON has lately obliged the Public with an interesting History of his Voyage round the Globe, but why would he hide from our Knowledge an Island which Nature destined as much for our Use as his? Does this proceed from that Singularity which reigns through his whole Work? Is an *Englishman* afraid of speaking Truth, whenever that *Truth* happens to be a little *improbable*? A *Frenchman* dares go a Step farther; in such a Case, at least, it is his Duty. It may be, after all, he had still another Reason, a *Reason of State*; for in his Manuscript I find the following marginal Note. "I made the whole Squadron swear by the *sacred Liberty* of the *English* Nation, "never to touch in their Discourse upon the Frivolous Island." On the other hand, I have sworn by the *profound Submission*, which is the

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Glory

Glory of the *French*, that I will tell the World all I know. The Public may judge whether the Squadron or I best keep our *Oaths*.

It signifies little to Mankind to be informed of the Manner in which the *Manuscript* fell into my Hands; in making that known, I must betray him who betrayed the Admiral. The main Point in respect to the Public, is a *faithful Translation*, and for that I pawn you my Honour.

Admiral ANSON after having doubled *Cape Horn*, exposed to the Dangers of the most tempestuous of all Seas, and the Severity of the most terrible of all Climates, after full seven Weeks of successive Storms, which had separated him from half his Squadron, having suffered in his Sails, Masts, and Rigging, occupied without Recess in stopping Leaks, that were discovered one Day after another, found his Force reduced to three Vessels, all of which were infected with the Scurvy, having thrown over more dead Men, than there remained living, and those very sick, perceived that even these were too many to subsist on the small Quantity of Provisions he had left: However, even in this Condition he continued to form Schemes for depriving the *Spaniards* of some of their best Places in *America*, or at least sharing in the *Treasures* which they derive from thence.

Never any Squadron surely stood more in need of a Place of Refreshment. He bore away, therefore, for the Island of *Juan Fernandez*, in the Latitude of between *thirty-four* and *thirty-five* Degrees South. An impetuous Gust from the North drove him as high as *forty-five* Degrees, into that immense Ocean where none had ever hoped or looked for Land. In this Situation a strict Survey was made of *Biscuit* and *Water*; the Result was a moral Certainty, that in two Days they must perish either through *Hunger* or *Thirst*. Being now at the Mercy of the Wind and Seas, a Sail-
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lor surpris'd them with bawling out *Land*. To People perishing, any Shore appears a Paradise : This which they discovered lay about sixteen Leagues *South-West*. They crowd'd all their Sail to reach it ; and the Wind sinking as they drew towards Land, they enter'd founding every Minute into a Bay on the North-Side of the Island, where they let fall their Anchors. There was no Time lost in debarking, or in setting up of Tents for the Sick. A Wood, which form'd a Kind of Amphitheatre above the Bay, present'd to their View Abundance of Trees laden with Fruit, which bore a near Resemblance to our *Peaches*, the latest Present of the Season, for in that Country the *Winter* was drawing on.

They made no Difficulty of helping themselves as soon as they were within reach ; but found their Stomachs much disappointed in that Refreshment they expected. These Fruits so beautiful, so blushing to the Eye, afford'd only a spongy Substance, or rather something that had the Appearance of Substance, which did not at all assuage the Appetite, or at best afford'd a slight Relief to Thirst. The Trees corresponded exactly with the Fruit. A Sailor taking a springing Leap, that he might climb the higher, the Body of the Tree snapt asunder, and throwing him into the midst of another, by that Time he reach'd the Ground it was likewise torn up by the Roots. The Admiral resolv'd to lose no Time in searching for fresh Water, and Provisions of a more solid Nature ; and putting himself at the head of Ten of his Squadron, who were in the best Health, boldly began his March into the Heart of the Country. The first Inhabitants that present'd themselves to View were a Troop of Tygers. These fierce Animals sprung upon them before they were perceived, but their Claws and their Teeth were of a cartilaginous Substance, form'd rather for Shew and Ornament than Instruments of Offence ; so that if their Appearance at first creat-

ted Fear, it was quickly over. After about four Hours March through the Forest, our gallant Sailors entered into a Plain over-run with Buihes, laden with Flowers and Fruit. From this Prospect they were at a loss to determine whether it was Winter or Summer in the Island. This Doubt however did not last long. If the *Fruit* they met with at the Bay was good for *little*, this new Purchase afforded no Exercise to their *Teeth*; but like the Phantoms raised by *Magicians*, presented a *Form* to the *Eye*, under which *nothing* was to be discovered by the Taste. The vegetable Soil having been exhausted in the Summer by real Productions, that is, real with respect to this Country, this Soil I say, which contained without doubt abundance of Salt and Metallic Particles, exhibited in Winter *those Trees of Diana and Mars, those Clusters of tempting Grapes and other Fruits, which are produced in our Laboratories, by the Mixture of Mercury, Sal-Ammoniac, Filings of Metal, and Spirit of Nitre.* The Birds came and pecked those delusive Vegetations, and seemed to be provoked at this *Quackery of Nature*; and yet they participated of the same kind of Deceit themselves: Most Part of them were of the Size of our *Pheasants*, and yet their Throats were of the same Dimension with those of *Linnets*; and to be entertained with the Notes of the *Linnets* of this Island, required Organs of *Hearing* infinitely more delicate, than those with which *Nature* furnishes *European Heads*.

Advancing into the Plain they saw *Horses* fastened to Trees, Men tossing about several Instruments, and Women who had each of them a Pair of *Bellows*, with which she was blowing the Dust. This you must know was their Manner of cultivating the Earth, if that could be called Earth which was as light as the finest Flour; the Wind of the Bellows dextrously applied by the female *Peasant*, described the *Furrows* into which the Men scattered the *Seed*.

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At the Sight of our Strangers they all took Flight, and left nothing behind but their *Horfes*, which might have been of Use had they been strong enough to support a *Rider*. But alas! the first Attempt to mount crushed them to the Earth. In this Case there was no resource but following these frightened Clowns on Foot. Their Habitation was not far off, the Alarm had spread and they appeared in a great Body to defend the Entrance of their Village, armed with Bows and Scythes. His Presence of Mind never deserted the Admiral; the Point he aimed at was Reconciliation, not Conquest. He halted therefore when they were within Bow-shot, and ordered his Men to *ground* their *Pieces*, and extend their Hands towards their Opponents. The Expressions taught by Nature are every where intelligible; the Women who formed the second Line were instantly detached, and approached our Adventurers dancing. Hunger does not give a Man the *best Air*; they were however obliged to comply with the Mode of these Good-natured Females, who led them with the true *Minuet* Step up to their Husbands.

They entered the Habitation, and having made their Wants known by their Signs, were furnished with Bread and Meat; but great was the Surprize of their Hosts at seeing the ten Sailors quickly swallow more than would have served Thirty of these Islanders. Yet themselves were still more amazed at finding their Stomachs almost as good as ever. The Bread very much resembled our Wafers; the Flesh was loose, and almost without Consistence, a Sheep equal in Size to ours did not weigh Ten-pounds. What approached nearest to Reality was their Water. The Idea of Wine never occurred to these honest Tars, and yet it made a Part of their Entertainment. It was a kind of frothy Liquor, or, to speak more exactly, it was nothing but Froth,° which made a

very pretty Figure in the Glafs and that was all. So many ftrange Sights embarrassed the Admiral not a little ; but this was no Seafon for phyfical Enquiries, the Bufinefs was to fatisfy the Demands of Nature. In this Repaft *Quantity* made amends for *Quality*, and at laft they could not help owning that *they had dined*.

The Admiral did not wait the Digestion of this Meal, without contriving to get Food for his *Brethren* (an Expreflion which with us is not allowed amongft good Company, except to the Clergy, but muft be admitted here, becaufe it is his own) but while he was endeavouring to make thefe humane Iflanders underftand what he meant, he was interrupted by two armed Men, who had not fo obliging an Air as might be wifhed. Thefe were [a couple of *Land-Tax* Collectors: They dragged in with them a poor Peafant, with a Bundle upon his Back ; a young Woman followed, bathed all in Tears, for the Lofs of her Husband, and their only Bed. The Officers gave her back a paltry Glafs Necklace, upon which ſhe immediately wiped her Eyes, and fell a finging. This ſhort Dif-turbance thus happily over, the Admiral repeated the Signs which he had begun to make: The Method he took was to range eleven ſmall Stones in a Line, and then pointing to his People, gave them to underftand they ſtood for him and his Men. He placed behind thefe three hundred more, to exprefs the Crew of the Squadron which he had debarked, extending his Hand towards that Side of the Ifland where they had pitched their Tents, and his Meaning was perfectly comprehended. But from fo ſmall a Hamlet as this, what Relief could be expected for ſuch a Number? An old Man took him inftantly by the Hand, and conducting him to an Eminence at a ſmall Diſtance, ſhewed him from thence a Maritime City, which in Point of Size fell very little, if at all, ſhort of LONDON. He began his March towards it without Delay,

lay, and reached it in a very short Time. A numerous Guard was posted before the Gate, by whom he was obliged to stop.

It is a Law in the Capital of the Island of FRIVOLA never to admit any Stranger, without clear Proof of his being possessed of some *Talent* that may be stiled of *Use*; and of this the Governor himself is upon due Examination to judge: He speedily made his Appearance, accompanied by a Troop of *Pantomimes*, attending constantly on his Person, to prevent his *Spirits* from being *exhausted* by the *Fatigues* of *Business*.

Qui êtes-vous ? (who are you ?) cried he, looking upon him with an Air of Contempt: The Admiral was amazed to hear him speak a Language he understood; and still more that this Language was *French*. “ We are Subjects of the Greatest Monarch in *Europe*.” There is no doubt, returned the Great Man, that this *Europe* of yours must be a very poor Place, since it is not the first Time that it has sent hither Men but half clad, and that Cloathing none of the best. By the Brightness of the Empyrean Light, if my People were in such a Trim I should pay for it with the Loss of my Place: But what is it you would have? “ Only leave to enter in-
 “ to your Port to refresh and refit.” Mighty well! and what are those Talents which are to gain you Admittance into WITSBURGH?
 “ I have on board, said the Admiral, Ship-wrights who are able to
 “ double the Velocity of a Vessel’s Motion by the Change of her
 “ Figure.” *At this they smiled.* “ People that understand Mines,
 “ and from whom the Earth cannot conceal even her remotest
 “ Treasures.” *The Audience began to grin.* Surgeons who are
 “ as well acquainted with the Inside of a human Body, as you
 “ are with its Surface.” They burst into a Horse-laugh, and would hear no more.

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The Admiral recollecting himself a little, conceived, that in order to bring over these witty People, it would be necessary to mention superior Talents, and scientific Excellencies of a more exalted Nature. It happened, that on board his Squadron he had some Men of Letters who had quitted all the Pleasures of *London*, with a View to the general Good of Mankind, through the Discovery, in consequence of their Observations, of the true Figure of the Earth, and thereby fixing the Longitudes. “ Wise and “ distinguishing Nation, said he, I have also on board my Vessel “ *Geographers* who are as distinctly acquainted with this *Globe* of “ *Earth*, as you are with your *City*; others so deeply skilled in “ *Physics*, that Nature has scarce a *Secret* concealed from their “ View; *Mathematicians*, who can measure, weigh, and number every *Part* of the *Creation*; nay, with respect to myself, “ I who speak to you, can without quitting the Spot on which I “ stand, tell you by the Help of a certain Science we call *Trigonometry*, the Height of yonder Tower, tho’ it be two Miles “ distant”. As they were tired with laughing, a silent Scorn succeeded. The Governor turned his Back, and the Barrier was on the very Point of falling down, when an arch Fellow in the Crowd cried out, in broken *English*, *Harkee, my Lord, not a Word more of these wonderful Qualifications, which I promise you will never open a Postern in this Country. I first made my Way into the City, and have since made a Fortune by SINGING.* The Admiral took the Hint. “ *Most noble Governor*, cried he, *illustrious “ Genius even in this Realm of Wits! how came I to omit telling “ you, that our Nation excels in Dancing, Music, and Cookery?*” At these Words the Governor faced about, and his Attendants clapped. Master *Richard Walter*, Parson of the *Centurion*, a Man of *Mirth* as well as, *Merit*, and who upon occasion could *play* as well

well as *preach*, whipped out of his Side-pocket a *German Flute*, an Instrument never heard in FRIVOLAND before, and applied it to his Mouth ; upon which the Sailors and the Admiral himself (who ever did the very Thing he ought) began a HORNPIPE, which threw all the fashionable Dances in WITSBURGH into Oblivion for a Month. If this gallant City, like the *Egyptian THEBES*, had been adorned with an *hundred* Gates, they had been all thrown open at once. The Guards at the Barrier, however, stopped their joyous Entry for a few Minutes, in order to search the Strangers, and prevent their carrying any thing in without paying the *proper Duty*. The sole Stroke of their Authority lighted on this Occasion upon the Admiral's Pocket-case of *Mathematical Instruments*, which being different in Size from those used in the Island, was confiscated for the *present*.

The Governor at length began the March with his Attendants, and our *English* followed in the Rear. They little expected to meet on the Road, what however saluted their Eyes at every Turn, gay *Equipages* rolling along, that would not have been thought despicable in the Streets of *Paris*, or of *London*. Their Rout terminated at an immense Palace. It was that of the Emperor. There were no fewer than *twelve* large Courts to pass before Sight was gained of his Apartments. These Courts were surrounded with Buildings and Shops. There, besides the Officers of the *Imperial* Household, were lodged *ten* of the most distinguished in those *Trades*, which were held indispensibly necessary in a *well-governed* State. These were Embroiderers, Varnishers, Toy-men, Perfumers, Bauble-makers, Workers in Glass, Confectioners in Figure-work, incorporated by the Title of Composers of high finished Desarts, Inventors and Comptrollers of Fashions, Painters of Machines, who tricked out all the fine

Equipages in the City, Dancing Masters, and Romance Writers, each of whom was under *Articles* to furnish a *new* Volume of *Falshood* every *Week*.

At length the *Emperor's* Apartments were reached. His *Supreme Elegance*, for that is the Imperial Title, was deliberating with his Ministers on a *Proposition* that kept the whole City in Suspence. The Point under Consideration was this: Whether the worshipful Company of *Fan-makers* should be received into the exterior Courts of the Palace or not? The Debates were become very warm; but however, it was thought proper to suspend them for a Moment in order to give Audience to the *Strangers* who were introduced. The Imperial Council expected fresh Proofs of those *Talents* concerning which the Governor had already made his *Report*. Honest Parson *Walter* with his *Pipe*, and his merry Troop with their *Heels*, strove, one and all, to *out-do* their own *Out-doings*. The Council very judiciously observed, that with respect to *piping* and *skipping*, there was *Evidence* sufficient, but for the more important Article of *Cookery*, they had no Proof of that, beyond the strange Gentleman's *bare Word*. It fell out very luckily, that the Admiral's *Cook* made one in the Detachment, with whose Assistance a *quintessential Pudding* was made upon the Spot. The Monarch and his Ministers had no sooner tasted it, than they ordered a *Signal* to be made for admitting the little *Fleet*; which accordingly the next Morning entered the *Port*. It was indeed high Time, for *Hunger* and *Disease* had been so busy, that no less than *ten* honest Fellows had been thrown over board in the Night.

There are very few Nations more *officious* or more *obsequious* than the Inhabitants of the Capital of FRIVOLAND, provided always that they are *well paid*. They carried the poor Strangers

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Refreshments of every kind ; but when they came to strike a *Bargain*, all things were off the Hinges ; Gold and Silver had as yet no Value in *Frivoland*. Their Money was made of a sort of Stone ; and their *Pieces* were from their Materials called *Agatines*: In short such a strange *Race* are Men ! a Box of *Agate Counters* had been a *Rouleau* there ; and they would have set up their *Games* with *Guineas*. With these People, upon whom *Wealth* made no Impression, the old natural Method of *Barter* was the only Expedient left : Merchantmen would have been less embarrassed in this Situation, but the Admiral's Prudence was never at a Loss ; he bethought himself that they had some *Pieces of Lace* and *Ribbons* aboard. He caused a kind of Stage to be erected, and in the first Place exposed the *Ribbons* : It was with great Satisfaction he saw Joy dance in their Eyes ; but as Computation was a thing extremely necessary in their Situation, he directed a *single Yard* to be cut off that he might judge from thence how far things would go. This was no sooner tendered than a *Baker* tossed down, I should rather say up, twenty large Loaves ; the *Butcher*, the *Pastry-Cook*, the *Wine-Merchant*, the *Distiller*, elbowed one another to get near the Stage, so that it was quickly a clear Case that *ten* or *twelve* Yards of Ribbon would feed the Squadron for a Day. According to this Proportion the Admiral calculated his whole Stock of *Ribbons* would furnish them with *Provisions* for about a *Month*.

As it drew towards Noon he received Intelligence that the *Emperor* was resolved to visit the *Fleet* that very Day. As he remembered perfectly well the Reflections the *Governor* had made upon their *Cloaths*, he gave Orders that every Man should put on his *best Apparel*, and that too in the *best Manner* ; after which all that were able to stand, were put under *Arms*, and ranged in two *Lines* leading to the *Centurion*. The Monarch no sooner approached than

than he began to look out for the Admiral, and had much ado to distinguish him, as he had seen him only in an *Undress* the Evening before, which tho' it might look well on *board* a *Ship*, made but an ill Figure in a *Drawing Room*. The first thing he did was to handle his *Hair*, the *Curls* of which he examined with singular Attention, and observed to the great Lords about him, that as yet none in their Country had arrived at the Art of giving their Locks so *easy* and *graceful* a Fall. The Captain of the *Gloucester* struck them however with another kind of Surprize; the Empress handled his Fore-top a little too *briskly*, which being a *Peruke*, came off, at which her Majesty screamed aloud, supposing she had *shed* poor *Mitchell's* Skull. These trifling Incidents as they may appear to a vulgar Understanding, were the Source, as shall be hereafter explained, of Consequences very important.

The Emperor continued his March. At the first Sight of the Ships he pronounced them monstrous and displeasing to the Sight. He pointed, by way of *Contrast*, to his own *Marine*, which were laid up on the other Side of the Port, composed of a great many *Shallops*, or *Pleasure-Boats*, wrought in a Diversity of elegant *Figures*; their Poops inlaid with *Mother of Pearl*, Purple Sails, and Cables made of Silk. However, he went on board the *Centurion*. As Muskets, Cannon, Bombs, Bullets, were Things these People had never seen before, they just glanced their Eyes over, without asking so much as a single Question. The Admiral was not at all displeas'd; he did not know how long he might continue in their Favour, and at all Events he was desirous of having it in his Power to keep those *Islanders* within due Bounds, by Dint of Surprize, as well as through the *Effects* of his *Artillery*: However, he chose to administer some *Food* to their *Curiosity*, he explained to them the *Shape*, and the *Manner* of *working* his *Vessels*, the
Pumps

Pumps and the *Capsberns* ; at which the Monarch gaped like a great *Oaf*, and his *Ministers* were too *polite* not to make as *foolish* a Figure. The Admiral finished his Discourse with the *Compafs*. “ The Country, said he, from which we come, is more than “ *six thousand* Leagues from *hence*, and yet this small trembling “ *Piece of Iron* sufficed to *conduct* us hither”. He thence took Occasion to discourse in general Terms of the Nature of *Magnetism*, and to shew the Correspondence of the *Poles* of the *Needle* with those of the *Earth*.

He very quickly perceived, that tho’ his Audience were *deaf*, they were not *blind*. The Eyes of the Empress strayed by Chance into the Chest of *Ribbons*, which was left open, she immediately seized a large Piece with the utmost Eagerness, and thereby afforded the Admiral an Opportunity of making his *Court*, by surrendering the whole *Magazine*. The Emperor distributed a few small *Rolls* among his Courtiers, kept the rest to himself, and could not help asking, if they had given them all ? “ I had “ a great many more in the Morning, replied the Admiral, but I “ exchanged them for *Viſtuals*, for we had no other *Commodity* “ with which your Subjects would be satisfied”. *Nor shall they be satisfied with these long*, said the Monarch, *but as to that set your Mind at Rest*. Upon this he immediately ordered the Lord High Treasurer to pay the Admiral ten thousand *Agatines*, which was sufficient for a Month’s Provisions for the whole Squadron. The next Morning out came a *Proclamation*, requiring all such as had been paid in *Ribbons*, to bring them instantly to the *Board of Fashions* ; and at the same time an Order was sent to that Board to *analyse* a *Ribbon*, that is, to *pick* it into *Threads*, in order to discover its Composition, by which they might be enabled to set up a *Manufacture*.

The Admiral was now pretty much at Ease in respect to Provisions, but remained still at a Loss about careening, for which *Timber* was absolutely necessary. All he had hitherto seen in the Island wanted Toughness and Substance to render it fit for Use. He was upon Enquiry informed, that there was a Forest at about the Distance of ten Leagues, which from the peculiar Nature of the Soil, produced the same Kind of *Timber* that grew in other Parts of the World. He was on the very Point of setting out, for he would trust Nobody's Eyes but his own, when he received an *Imperial* Mandate, requiring him to come and curl the *Royal Family's* Hair. With this Order he was excessively embarrassed; at length, however, he flattered himself he had hit upon a proper Expedient, which was to carry the three *Valet de Chambre* Barbers they had on board, no mean Proficients in their Trade, as every one of them had been at *Paris*. The Names of these worthy Personages were *James Quick*, *Thomas Ball*, and *George Shaver*, which the Admiral thought fit to record, on account of the eminent *Posts* to which they arrived. He took with him Colonel *Crackrode*, who commanded the Land-Forces, and the two Captains *Mitchel* and *Saunders*. It is out of Doubt, that they had not the least Suspicion that they should be expected to take a Share in the manual Operation. In this, however, they were mistaken, for they no sooner came into the Presence, than the Emperor tendered his *Head* to the *Admiral*: The Empress projected hers with the *Hair* hanging over her *Ears* to the *Colonel*, and two young Princes, the hopeful *Props* of the *Imperial Throne*, were for putting their *Coxcombs* under the Care of the *Captains*. The Admiral excused himself and his Officers, by acknowledging, that tho' they perfectly understood the *Theory* of this Art, yet they were absolutely deficient in regard to the *Practice*. During this Scene there was a
Courtier,

Courtier, who laughed most *maliciously*, and the Admiral was sensible of a kind of *innate Antipathy* to him, even before he was provoked by his *Grinning*.

The three *Valet de Chambres* entered now upon their arduous Functions; and as the Business was going on, it came into the Monarch's Head to ask the Admiral of what *European Nation* he was? *Of the First*, returned he. *You are then a Frenchman*, replied the laughing *Courtier*: This did not please the Admiral at all, who in avowing himself to be an *Englishman*, thought he had supported his *Proposition* effectually; but the *Courtier* stuck to his *Consequence* notwithstanding. The Dispute grew warm, while in the mean Time the *Grand Affair* was finished, and the Royal Heads adorned to the no small Glory of the *Artizans*; for whom Lodgings were immediately assigned in the *twelfth Court* of the Palace. They were the *Favourites* of the *Day*; as for their Masters they were now considered with much Indifference: The Esteem that had been conceived of them being greatly lessened by so remarkable a Detection of their Ignorance.

The Admiral returning to the Squadron, could not help reflecting with some Degree of Chagrin upon this unlucky Adventure: The Coldness shewn at their Departure; the Behaviour of the *Courtier*, who espoused the Cause of *France*; the *French Language* spoken at Court, all ran strongly in his Head.—“ Are there, said “ he starting, *Frenchmen* in the Island, or have there been any here? “ But how can that be possible without our knowing any thing of “ it in *Europe*? If any are here is it impossible for us to be well “ with them?” *Uncertainty* is a kind of *Rack* few Constitutions can bear. He determined to visit the *Courtier* that had given him Offence; if *French* are here, thought he, this must be *one*.

The Courtier after diverting himself a little at his Expence, condescended to draw aside the Veil, which he performed in the following Relation.

“ I was at *Paris* in 1719, when the World was possessed with
 “ a Madneſs of bartering *Gold* for *Paper*, I did not however follow
 “ the Faſhion, for to tell you the Truth, at that Time I had no
 “ *Gold* : But by buſying myſelf in procuring *Paper* for thoſe who
 “ were ſo very fond of it, I picked up a *little* of that *precious Me-*
 “ *tal* for myſelf. I was young, in the miſt of a City full of Ex-
 “ pence and Pleaſure ; and therefore it will appear no Wonder
 “ that I *difſipated* as faſt as I *acquired* : At length I found nothing
 “ left but *Paſſions*, which it was out of my Power to gratify, with
 “ this additional Mortification, that having ſpent my *Money*, I had
 “ no longer any Pretenſions to *Merit*. In this ſad Situation, a
 “ Thought came into my Head of fetching a Cargo from *Peru* :
 “ I communicated this Notion to my Friends, and they liked it ſo
 “ well that they would needs turn it to their *own Uſe*. Want be-
 “ ing at that Time an extenſive as well as a prevailing *Motive*,
 “ our Colony multiplied inſenſibly, ſo that we were about One-
 “ hundred and Sixty when we embarked at *Rochelle* for *Porto-*
 “ *Bello*.

“ Our Navigation was proſperous enough at the Beginning, but
 “ a Storm, which though violent, was of a long Continuance, drove us
 “ upon the Coaſt of *Brazil* : *Porto-Bello* was now out of the Queſ-
 “ tion. The Captain, deſirous of availing himſelf even of this un-
 “ toward Accident, formed a bold Deſign of proceeding to *Lima*,
 “ in hopes of bringing his Cargo to an advantageous Market : We
 “ accordingly doubled the moſt Southern Cape of *America*, in paſ-
 “ ſing the Streights of *le Maire*, and it was at the coming out of
 “ thoſe Streights that we were ſaluted with ſuch a Mixture of
 “ *Winds* ;

“ *Winds*; and those too so high, that we apprehended every Moment would be our last. This outrageous Tempest, which if it *subsided* for a little, blew soon after as if it had been only gathering *Breath*, kept us long tossing from one *Abyss* to another.”

“ At length, on the *twentieth* Day, as we were thoroughly persuaded that there was not a Foot of Land in that *Parallel* of *Latitude* on which we sailed, when through the *Gloom* of the tempestuous Sky we had a Glimpse of this *unknown World*, we could scarce believe our Eyes. Was this, thought we, the *Peru*, which while we were seeking came to offer *itself* to our View? It was a Question we could not then resolve; but whether it was or not, we plainly saw it was *Land*. The first thing that presented itself to our Eyes was a lofty *Rock*, upon which some of us mounted as well as we could, in order to discover what sort of a Country it was upon which we were thrown: We had no sooner reached the *Summit*, than our *Vessel*, which was directly under us, burst from her *Anchor*, and by a sudden Squal sweeping from the Mountains, was carried out of our Sight for ever. In all human Probability the *Captain* and the *Mariners* found a *Cure* for all the *Ills* they endured in the broad *Bottom* of the *Ocean*. We wandered about from Town to Town, with no higher Projects in our Heads than *how to live*: At length it came into our Minds to make the best of our Way to the *Capital*. Great Cities are most fruitful in Resources. We were indeed at the Distance of *Two-hundred Leagues*. What Pains, what Fatigues must such a Journey cost! No Matter, we had not been long here, before we admitted that the *Account* was clear.

“ The *Frivoli*ans perceived how necessary we were to them; they were precisely in that critical Disposition of Mind, which every Nation must *feel*, when inclined to throw off *Barbarity*.

“ As yet they had no *Lustres*, no *Sofa's*, no *Baubles* of any
 “ Kind; nay they were to such a Degree *untutored*, that the Women
 “ wore no *Faces* but their *own*. Yet they had begun to multiply
 “ their *Windows*, to enlarge their *Vehicles*, to cut their *Stones* Brilliant-wise; and the Women when they were about treading the
 “ *Stage*, took a reasonable Proportion of a *certain Elixir*, which
 “ by quickening the Circulation of the Blood, gave an agreeable
 “ *Crimson* to the *Complexion*. The Science of the *Kitchen*, the *Orna-*
 “ *ments* of the *Table*, the Witchcraft of *Dress*, the Elegance of
 “ *Furniture*, Variety of *Equipages*, and rich *Embroidery*, were just
 “ sketched out: They had no Notion of *Fashions*, but they had just
 “ Sense enough to perceive that no Woman of any *Spirit* could
 “ wear the same *Gown* a *whole Season*, or suffer her *Cloaths*, like
 “ her *Nose*, to be always in the *same Shape*.

“ Their *Manners* also began to work themselves out of that
 “ *Rudeness*, in which they had so long continued. The studied *Air*,
 “ Looks *put on* with Art, *Complements*, the fashionable *Tone* in
 “ Speaking, the *Vapours*, Nectar and Ambrosia *Suppers*, Extra-
 “ vagance of *Fancy*, *Friendship* in Words, *Amours* of a Day, all
 “ these Flowers of *Urbanity* were in the very *Bud*, and only want-
 “ ed the Warmth of the enlivening *Sun*, to call them out to *View*.
 “ Husbands indeed were not as yet sensible of the *Ridicule* of *low-*
 “ *ing* their *Wives*; but they had made a Step towards it, for they
 “ begun to think them *troublesome*. The Women too had not aban-
 “ doned all the Cares of a Family for those of the Toilet; and
 “ yet something whispered them within, that they were *born* to
 “ be agreeable, to *shine*, and to be *admired*. There were then a
 “ few, and but a few Lords, who had the Courage to spend *beyond*
 “ their *Income*; but within a small Number of Years, the *Nobility*
 “ of *Spirit* are prodigiously increased. At that Time of Day the
 “ *Frivoliants*

“ could not be said to have *Taste*, they had only, pardon my playing
 “ with Words, a kind of *Taste* for *Taste*.

“ But notwithstanding this happy Disposition, your *Lordship*
 “ cannot conceive what *Pains* it costs to form a Nation !”

At these Words the Admiral began to bend his Brow a little, and assuming a serious Air, spoke of *Laws*, *Virtue*, *Sciences*, and *useful Arts*, as the only Means for effecting so great, so glorious a Purpose.

“ Excellent indeed, you would have us degrade these People
 “ again, to Night-Cap, Gown and Slippers ! all the pretty Arts that
 “ serve to delight the *Eyes*, embellish the *Passions*, and take off the
 “ too strict *Rein of Reason*, we may affirm they owe to *Us*. It is we
 “ who have taught them to set a *Polish* to their *Vices*, and by their
 “ adopting our *Language*, they have given a free Scope to *Wit*.
 “ Most fortunately for us, at our Departure from *France*, every Man
 “ had completed his *Pocket-Library* ; how else could we have
 “ consumed our *Time* on Ship-board ? And all were Books in
 “ *Taste*. Delicious *Romances*, *Comedies* overflowing with *Satyrical*
 “ *Wit*, *Tragedies* full of Gallantry, and *Operas* fraught with melt-
 “ ing Love. You can hardly conceive with how much Sagacity
 “ they have imitated all these *Graces*. We reckon at this Day
 “ about *Six-hundred Poets*, and *Two-thousand Dealers in Romance*.
 “ There Sir, judge for yourself, read that *Comedy*, written by one
 “ of the *Grandeecs* of the Court ; and that *Romance*, the Offspring
 “ of a Magistrate’s fertile Brain.

“ To tell you the plain Truth, the *Colony* has not been em-
 “ ployed wholly for *their* Benefit, they have likewise done a little
 “ for *themselves*. We have all worked ourselves into the *Manage-*
 “ *ment of the State* ; but more especially myself, in whose Favour
 “ there has been created a new *Office of the Crown*. You will permit

“ me to say, that the Person with whom you converse, is the
 “ *Comptroller-General* of the *Fashions*. A Place which, tho’ it has
 “ many fair *Flowers*, yet is not without its *Thorns*. Amongst these
 “ People, a *Mode* wears out in a Fortnight : It requires more than
 “ a *French* Genius to be furnishing for ever. Alas, if Fate had not
 “ deprived us of our Ship, — it was freighted with all those
 “ *Superfluities* of *France*, that are so *necessary* here : What exquisite
 “ *Models* for this great City ! That *Ribbon* which has done you
 “ so much *Honour*, would have been long ago out of Date. It is
 “ impossible to do *all Things* at a Time. It will require whole
 “ Ages to equal *Paris*. A vast Progress no Doubt has been made
 “ towards Perfection since our Departure. I perceived as all the
 “ World did a quite new Taste in that *Frisure*, which it was
 “ your good Fortune to introduce.

“ But my dear Lord weigh well what I am going to say. It is
 “ either your *Design* to establish yourself in this Country, or it is
 “ not. If it is not, what End will it answer for you to acquire
 “ Consideration, by displaying *Novelties* here ? If it is, take Care
 “ from this Moment, to bring out *none* without my *Consent*. You
 “ have borrowed them all from *France* ; own that fairly and like
 “ a *Man of Honour*, render us this just *Homage*, otherwise Woe
 “ be to you : You shall *feel* that our *Credit* is *Great*.”

So far from remaining here, replied the Admiral, that I offer
 you with great Pleasure, to carry you back to your Country, for
 which without doubt you feel the most poignant Regret.

“ That we have regretted it is true, replied the *Grand-Comptrol-*
 “ *ler* ; we were at our first Arrival afraid we should not be able to
 “ subsist upon the *Aliments* of this Country, and our Apprehensions
 “ augmented for a long Time ; but after a few Years, we per-
 “ ceived that our *Flesh* rarefied, our *Fluids* subtilized, and that a
 “ great Part of our Substance was dissipated.” As

As he pronounced these Words, he first *flourished* his *Heels*, and then cutting a *Caper*, touched with his *Toes* a *Lustre* that hung near the *Ceiling* of a very *lofty* Room : When he came down, and had fixed himself once more upon his *Pedestals*, he concluded thus.

“ Can you believe it, I do not absolutely at present weigh above
 “ *Fifty Pounds*. The Children we had immediately after our
 “ *Transmigration*, we durst not so much as touch: Those pretty
 “ *Machines*, inherited from their Mother, Springs so extremely de-
 “ licate, that they would have been crushed by the Remains of
 “ that *European* Robustness, of which we were even then possessed.
 “ But insensibly through Length of Time, our *Constitutions* have
 “ acquired so just a Proportion with those of the Natives of the
 “ *Island*, that we live happy amongst a People, who may boast of
 “ the most *rosy* Imaginations with which *Mortals* were ever blessed.”

The Admiral's Thoughts had at that Instant a kind of *Wainscot* Complexion. As they were perfectly intent on the *Timber* that was to be fetched from the *Forest*, he went thither, soon after made his Survey, and returned perfectly well satisfied : However there was no lifting an *Ax* without a *Royal Order*. He demanded an Audience, which was refused him ; he might perhaps have obtained it through the Interest of the *Comptroller-General*, but as yet a reciprocal Confidence was not established. He applied himself to other Favourites ; but not one of them durst carry his Demand to the Foot of the Throne. When a Favour is wanted, one must have recourse to the ordinary Forms : He presented to the Prime Minister a Memorial in Writing. All Petitions capable of giving the Monarch the least *Dislike*, were in this Country *suppressed*. His met with that Fate among the rest. In his return through the Anti-Chambers, with a thoughtful Air, he was stopped by a

Lord, who was a kind of *Philosopher*, one who through his singular way of Thinking, had lost the Power of rising at Court ; but was still suffered there out of respect to his high Birth. He questioned the Admiral on the Situation, Government, Marine, and Commerce of *England*. The Admiral was extremely surprized at the Solidity of these Questions, the first of their Kind that had been proposed to him in that Place. After having answered them to his Satisfaction, he told him frankly the Subject of his Chagrin. “ You stumble at Noon-Day, replied that Lord ; have you not given the Emperor three of the most important Persons about him, more especially *Quick*, who has his Royal Head every Day at his Disposal ? You search at a Distance, for what is in your own Hands.” Saying this he turned upon his Heel and stalked off.

In all Probability his *English* Stomach must have recoiled a little at this Method of Application ; but the Admiral had a Maxim which served as a Cordial upon such Occasions, *That there can be nothing mean which the Service of our Country requires*. He went immediately therefore to find out his old Valet de Chambre *Quick*, to whom from Custom he spoke in the Old-Style of a *Master* ; but *Quick* gave him to understand that he was no longer to be considered in that *Light*. The Admiral then softened the Tone of his Voice, and that his Oratory might make the greater Impression, concluded a very *pathetick Period*, with the Present of his *Gold Snuffbox*. *Quick* promised like a *Courtier*, but kept his Word like another kind of *Man* : In three Days Time, he brought him the Order signed ; but Difficulties will sometimes occur, when one thinks they are all over. Just as they were going to cut down a Tree, the *Surveyor* of the Emperor’s *Woods*, pointed out another no way fit for the Purpose. The Admiral shewed him his *Order*,
and

and was for sticking to the *Letter* ; the Surveyor maintained that he was to be guided by the *Spirit* : Two-thousand *Agatines* dextrously applied, reconciled these jarring Opinions, and the Forest fell on every Side. As every Thing was now in a fair Train the Admiral was at Liberty to *look about him*, and to speculate a little upon this extraordinary *Island*.

It is situated in *Forty-five* Degrees *Eight* Minutes of *South* Latitude, and in the *Longitude* of *Two-hundred* and *Twenty* Degrees *seventen* Minutes, reckoning from the Meridian of *Teneriff*. It is pretty much elevated above the Level of the Sea ; and is in a Manner surrounded by high Mountains, that protect it from the Fury of the Winds. The Air which the Inhabitants breath invites to *Pleasure* by its Sweetness, and causes a quick Circulation of the *Blood* by its *Subtility* : It is about *Six-hundred* Leagues in Diameter. There are three great Nations on a Continent, lying *West*, which are separated from it only by an *Arm* of the *Sea* : Taking these all together, they make a kind of *World* by itself. The Admiral speaks of the *Island* only, and that but *superficially* as wanting Time to make those Discoveries that were necessary to render his Description *perfect*.

I perceived, said he, many *Phænomena* here unknown elsewhere. The *Earth* was light as the finest *Flour*, the *Trees* without Solidity, the *Fruits* formed rather to gratify the *Palate*, than the *Stomach* ; others again, the mere Effects of Nature's *Chymistry*, served only to delight the *Eye* ; the *Wine* without Strength, the *Flesh* without *Substance*, and the *Animals* without either the *Weight* or *Strength*, proportionable to their Size. In short one saw every where rather the *Image* of *Nature*, than *Nature* herself. These Things could not but perplex him ; for strange as they were, they must have a *Cause*, and this *Cause* was what he laboured to find. These Eng-
lish:

His Admirals are really very *strange Fellows* ! I firmly believe, because every Body in this Country *says so*, that at the *Head* of a *Fleet* they are not to be *compared* with *Us* : But what then ? They have the *Vanity* to distinguish themselves by their Skill in *Physic*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy* ; and I know not how many other *Sciences* besides. *Strange Fellows* to be sure ! This of whom we are speaking weighed the *Air*, analyzed the constituent *Particles* of the *Soil*, examined the *Sulphurs*, the *Salts*, the *Oils*, the *Juices*, from whence the *Vegetables* were produced, that he might more thoroughly understand the *Texture* of the *Flesh* of those *Animals*, that were *nourished* by them : Like a true *Englishman*, he was for *penetrating* to the *Bottom* of every Thing. *Mighty well* ! Let him dig and delve by himself, while we *divert* ourselves with that *Sketch*, which he has given us of the *Capital* of this *Island*.

The City of *WITTSBURGH* is about the same *Size* with *London*. The Number of the *Inhabitants* is thought to be about a *Million*. It might very easily hold *Two*, if it was not every where interspersed with *Gardens*, and very *large Buildings* within the *Walls* of which, they forget the *Precept* of *Nature*, “ increase and multiply.” They take as little *Care* of themselves as of *Posterity*, for they *do nothing*. The sole *Employment* of those who inhabit these spacious *Dwellings*, is, or at least should be, to *pray* for those who *Work* to keep them in *Idleness*.

The City has a fine *River* that runs through it. Upon this they have several *Bridges*, and are better pleased to see ranged on each *Side* certain spacious *Magazines* of *Luxury*, than to recreate their *Eyes* with the extended *Prospect* of so beautiful a *Canal*.

It is highly probable, says our *Admiral*, that before the *Arrival* of the *French*, there might have been an *Age* in which the *Frivoliants* strove to emerge from their *Barbarism*, but it is also very likely,

likely, that those who endeavoured to *draw* them out of that *Situation*, were not of the same Humour with the *Bulk* of the *Nation*. They planted *Avenues*, they constructed *triumphal Arches*, they began to erect *Keys* along the River Side; they laid out *five Squares*; they design'd *public Fountains*; they raised handsome *Structures*, in which were taught the Principles of *Virtue* and the *Sciences*. However indefatigable, they could not do *all Things*; some they left *unfinished*, and just as they *left* them these *remain*.

Amongst many *Monuments* of their *Architecture*, which are still subsisting, there is one truly amazing from its *Composition*, and the *Harmony*, *Boldness*, and *Grandeur* of its several Parts. It is a *Palace* which the *Friivolians* would behold with Pleasure, if it was barely *pretty*; but as it is wonderfully *fine*, they have contrived to *block it up* on every Side, and though it was designed for the Residence of their *Sovereign*, it is to this Day without a *Roof*. There are still shewn as the Relicks of that serious Age, *Pictures*, *Statues*, *Poems*, and *Pieces of Eloquence*, in which too much Regard is paid to *Nature* for them to please long. Those in Years perhaps, uneducated by *Novelty*, admire still these *Master-pieces*; but the rising *Generation* are altogether taken up with *Baubles* of every sort, elegant *Cabinets* and gawdy *Equipages* that strike the Eyes with Wonder.

There are very few *Cities* in the World where *Mechanic Arts* have been more encouraged. Their *Artists* have made great use of the *Lessons* given them by the *French Colony*, indeed *too much Use*, for they have pushed every thing beyond its *proper Bounds*. To content the *Humour* of the *Nation*, they have exhausted their *Skill* in *precious Trifles*, in a Hundred little paltry *Pieces of Furniture*, and in a Thousand worthless *Gimcracks*, that are the *Wear* of a Day. Their *Manufactures* supply them with a kind of *slimsy Rags*, that are *wore out* as soon as they are *put on*. An honest

Workman who would furnish them with *good Things* only might *starve* for his *Pains*.

There are likewise very few Cities in which the *finer Arts* have been carried to so great a *Height*, but where they are now become rather *Pretty* than *Noble* : In *Painting* for instance, they neglect *Force* and *Expression*, for the sake of beautiful *Colouring*. Above all they are delighted with those exquisite *Pieces* of *Miniature*, with which they *decorate* the most charming *little Boxes* in the whole World. Those high finished *Pieces*, which their *Pencils* formerly produced, are gradually carried away by a *neighbouring Nation*, whose *Eyes* are not yet taken with the new fashioned *Graces*. As to their *Poetry*, the *Enthusiasm* of their *Tragedies*, is no longer calculated to excite *Terror* and *Pity*, or to inspire those *Savage Virtues*, to which *Societies* have owed their *Preservation*. No, no, their *Tragic Muse* is a *Coquet*, who pleases herself with the Lustre of her *fine Robes*, and is proud of the *Gallantry* of her *Expressions*; if she is *troubled*, it is because she takes a *Pleasure* in being in the *Vapours*, and she *Weeps* that she may *Laugh*. Their *Eloquence* is not the boisterous *Torrent* that bears down all before it, but a fine *Silver Stream*, that runs murmuring through the *Flowers*. As for *History* that only pleases which from its *Habit* you would take for *Romance*.

The *Admiral* makes here a *Reflection*. We need not wonder at that, for he is full of them. He had no *Notion* of *Writing* for us, his *own Nation* occupied all his *Thoughts*. He is of *Opinion* that amongst the *Friivolians*, their *Women* have given the present *Turn* to all their *Arts*. They have studied to *please* them by those *Methods* in which they *please*, that is by little whimsical *Airs*, false *Colours*, and factitious *Graces*.

The

The *Sciences* also have begun to take the same *Train* : As yet however, they have not *entirely* succeeded. *Parts* always get the *better* of them. Colonel *Cracbrode* went to hear a funeral *Oration* : It was that of a celebrated *Performer*, exquisite in all the *Powers* of *Harmony*. The *Orator* having discharged a whole *Peal* of *Antitheses*, declared him superior to the greatest *Philosopher* of the *Island*. The next Morning Captain *Saunders* went to pay a *Visit* to an eminent *Statesman*, who had made an *immense Fortune* by taking *Care* of the *public Concerns* of a great *Province*. There he saw a *Dancing-Master*, who was intreated to make the *Heir* of the *Family* as *fine* a *Gentleman* as *himself*. A very handsome *Salary* was offered him. *What do you take me for ?* said the *Man of Parts*; *you would have scarce offered so little for his going through a Course of Experimental Philosophy*. Round he whisked upon his *Heel*, and away he went without so much as a parting *Bow*. Another *Man of Parts* presently appeared, a stout strapping *Fellow*, he was with a *Whip* in his *Hand*. *I believe you will do very well for me*, said the *Lord*, after having surveyed his *Size* and his *Shape*, *what do you say, will two hundred Agatines content you ?* Two hundred *Agatines*, replied the *Coachman*, content me! who you expect should credit your *Chariot*, and take care of your *Horses*; pr'ythee keep them for the miserable *Pedant* that *flogs* your *Son* into the *Knowledge* of *Latin*.

The *Frivoliants* call every *Thing* *miserable* that other *People* stile *serious*. They omit nothing that can contribute to *Diversi-fion*. They allow, however, that it is fit to *read*, but then they must have *Books* that will *amuse* without putting *Folks* to the *Trouble* of *thinking*. At this *Juncture* most of their *Authors* are gone into the *fashionable* *Way*. The *Admiral* had the *Charity* to bestow a *liberal Alms* upon a poor *unkappy Fellow*, that had got the *Charac-ter*

ter of a *Blockhead*, by writing an excellent Book on the *Duties* of a PATRIOT PRINCE.

They have numberless *Courts* of *Justice*, but their supreme *Tribunal* dispenses its Decrees in the very same Place where they are selling *Romances* on one Side, and all Sorts of *Frippery* on the other. On the *Bench* of *Judges* you see *Faces* distinguished by *Bloom* instead of *Beard*, who decide with wonderful *Sagacity*, no doubt, as to the *Properties* of others, at an *Age* when the *Law* does not trust them with the *Management* of their own. If it did, it would glide insensibly into the *Pockets* of their *Coach-makers* and their *Cooks*.

Here the Admiral carries us back with him to his *Ships*. The Month was very near run out, and it would require at least two more to finish what was proposed, the rather because a new *Vessel* was to be built in the Room of the *Pink Anne*; but how to subsist for these two Months, and to re-victual the *Squadron* when ready to put to Sea, were Points of great Consequence, and for which there was no *Fund*. The *Agatines* received from the Royal Treasury were almost *exhausted*, and the *Ribbons* were gone, which had produced that *Supply*. It is very true, that some *Pieces* of *Lace* were still remaining, but the *Threats* of the *Grand Comptroller* run in his *Head*, and he was very apprehensive of his *Credit* at *Court*. He was by this Time become sensible; that some Regard was due to *Talents*, of which he made but very *light* in *England*. He had received frequent *Demands* for *Dancing Masters*, and Persons who could teach them to play upon the *Flute*, not but that the *Dance* and the *Instruments* of the *Country* had their *Merit*; but then whatever was *new*, and above all what had *pleased* at *Court*, was allowed a *Superiority* in the Opinion of the *whole Nation*; and it was this that put them upon these *Demands*. He had hither-

to, however, resisted their repeated *Sollicitations*, because he found that all Hands might be employed in the necessary *Business* of the Squadron; but now he was sensible, that even that could not go on, unless the *two* great Points before-mentioned could be some Way or other adjusted.

He made choice with this View, of *Fifty* of his People, who had some little Tincture, either of *one* or *both* these admired *Talents*; and after a *Week* spent in *Practice* and *Improvement*, he gave them up to *Public Utility*, and the *Subsistence* of the Squadron. But while *others* were employed, we must not imagine that the *Admiral* stood with his *Arms* across like an *idle Spectator*: He had for his *Scholar* in *Dancing*, the *Son* of a *great General* in the *Army*; I saw, says he, come to his House every Day, a *Professor* of *Geometry*, and I was not a little ashamed that tho' he spent thrice as much Time there as I did, he had but a *third* of my *Salary* for his *Pains*. Upon an exact Calculation it was found, that the *Profits* of their *new Professions* were sufficient to defray the *current Expences* of the Squadron, and as to the *Re-victualling* it, *Fortune* threw a fresh and very unexpected *Resource* in their Way.

His Imperial Majesty lost all *Patience* one Day under the Operation of *curling* his *Hair*, because a *Concert* waited for him the whole Time. This *Loss* of *Temper* alarmed all the Court. They recollected upon this Occasion, the *Peruke* of Captain *Mitchel*; his *Supreme-Elegance* commanded *Quick* to make him one without Delay; that *honest Fellow* laid hold of this *Opportunity*, to restore his *Master* to his Imperial Majesty's *good Graces*. He told this Monarch that what he desired, demanded the *Effort* of a *European Genius*; that in Point of *Execution* he could himself do *all* that was *necessary*, but for the *Plan* by which he was to work, it was laid up in the *Admiral's Head*, and till *drawn* from *thence*, it was im-

I

possible

possible for him to *proceed*. Upon this the Admiral was sent for, having first had the *secret History* of this *great Business* from the Minister of the Cabinet *Quick*. He thought it however necessary to bespeak the Favour of the *Comptroller-General* of the *Fashions*, that he might not by this *Affair* be exposed to his *Resentment*. "The Emperor, Sir, said he, has sent to me for a *Peruke*. A *Peruke!* replied the Officer of the Crown hastily, *Know that amongst all the Novelties I have reserved for the Use of this Nation, who grow fond, and become sick of every Thing with equal Rapidity, this holds the first Rank. By the Heavens!* — He was on the Point of flying into a violent *Passion* —

"Do but suppose yourself in my Place, replied the Admiral calmly, our *Subsistence* is at *Stake*. Our *Ribbons* are all *gone*, I have not an *Agatine* left. It is indeed true that we have some "*Pieces of Lace*; but you prohibited me these *Resources*." — *Oh! Pieces of Lace!* replied the *Comptroller*, in a gentle Tone; *Well, let me have them, and I abandon to you all the Glory, and all the Profit that you can make of your PERUKE.* He had been a long Time thinking of introducing *Lace* amongst these People; but as he had no *Pattern* to produce, he had not hitherto been able to bring that Project to bear. The *Manufacturers* of this *Isle* were by no means *ready at Invention*; *copying to Perfection*, and even with some *Degree of Improvement*, was the *ultimate Praise* they deserved. The Admiral accepted the Proposition, and the Imperial *Peruke* appeared that Day *Se'nnight* on the Head of the Monarch; who instantly founded a *School*, in which young People might be taught this *Art*, that the *Demands* of the *Public* might be speedily *satisfied*. Of the *Public* I say, for from this Moment a *Gentleman* was ashamed to go abroad with his *Face* shaded with his *own Hair*. This was going pretty *far*; but however the Thing did not *stop here*.

We.

We have before observed that this *Island* had in its Neighbourhood *Three* potent *States*: Long *Wars* had been more than once maintained against them, which had ended in *Treaties of Peace*, not very favourable to her *Interests*. Yet in all the Vicissitudes of her *Affairs*, one *Prerogative* she had always maintained, which was that of prescribing their *Habits*, and whatever related to *Dress*. The *Emperor* instantly sent away *three* Perukes, that is to say *three Models*, which was to regulate the *Head Attire*, in all the *Three States*; and the *Flood-gates* of the *Treasury* were set open for the Admiral, who having his Mind once more at *Ease*, resumed his *Speculations* on the Manners of the *Frivolians*. There is not perhaps a People any where, of a more *refined Behaviour*; it is, says he, astonishing in the Space of *so few Years*, they should have already surpassed the *French*. It might perhaps have been *as well* if they had kept *precisely* to the *Lessons* given them by their Masters; but in Point of *Elegance*, their *Imagination* is *so brisk*, that it is not to be *restrained*.

If you chance to enter a *Circle* with a *sprightly Air*, and in a *Dress* perfectly in *Taste*, you are instantly allowed to stand possessed of *all the Graces*. The Company till that Moment, found themselves in *Want* of *somewhat*; and yet did not know that *somewhat* was *You*: At this Rate they quickly make you *sensible*, that you are Master of many *Accomplishments*, which you never *conceived* belonged to you *before*.

The *Frivolians*, to honour you with their *Friendship*, do not insist upon your having *good*, they only expect that you should have *pleasing Qualities*: They will take it for granted that you are a *Man of Honour*; but first you must make it *plain*, that you are a very *pretty Fellow*. Have you any Need of their *Services*: Ask them, they will beseech you to honour them with your *Commands*,

after which you will have the *Consolation* to find them *for ever* distracted, that they have not been able to *do* you any *Good*. The Admiral placed great Confidence in a certain *Proteſtor* of his, who had bestowed upon him abundance of *fine* Words, and to whom he had recourse for *ſomething* more ſubſtantial. “ Look you, “ this is all I can do for you, *ſaid the Great-Man*, pulling out a “ little *Pocket-Flaſk*, which *Flaſk* was full of a kind of *Diſtilled* “ *Liquor*, that might be ſtiled *Court Holy-Water*, of a very agree- “ able *Scent*, but being *lighter*, preſently reſolves itſelf into the *Air*.” All the polite World *pique* themſelves upon having it in their *Poſſeſſion*; but more eſpecially the *Grandees*, who are remarkably *liberal of this*, tho’ they ſeldom *part with any thing elſe*.

The *Great* are not the ſame all the World over. A Man who has a multitude of People at his *Levé*, and who never wiſhes any other Man *Good-Morrow*; who ſpends his Mornings in looking over *fine* *Stuffs*, and rich *Toys*, who by the multitude of his *Luſtres* doubles all the *fine* Things that ſet off his *Apartments*; who has a multitude of *Dogs* and *Horſes*, who has what they call a *Grand-Room*, highly finiſhed, in which he gives ſuperb *Entertainments*, and who is almoſt *deafened* with his *own* Applauſe, ſuch a one is ſtiled *Great* among the *Frivoliſians*, to whom the moſt profound *Reſpect* muſt be paid, while bare *Civility* will content others. What we call *la Politeſſe*, is the very Soul of the *Frivoliſians*, they would rather by half *betray* a *Friend*, than make him a *lame* Compliment. A Man truly *polite*, has a *Hat* which he never *wears*, *bows* to the very *Ground*, and if he ſpeaks of her whom the *Law* has made *Part of himſelf*, never uſes thoſe uncouth Monosyllables *my Wife*. If he has not *all this* about him, he may be Agreeable, Genteel, Officious, Complaiſant, but he can never be ſtiled *Polite*. To deſerve that *Appellation*, he muſt be ſcrupuloſly *Nice* in the
Articles

Articles of Titles. He must not barely say in speaking of the Emperor, his *Supreme-Elegance* opened the *Ball*; but he must be equally careful in observing that his *Supreme-Elegance* happened to *Sneeze*. There was a bold Fellow once took it into his Head to say to a Great Minister, *you are a Blockhead*. All the *Nation* stood provoked at the *Indecency* of the Thing, for considering the Person's *Quality* to whom he spoke, he ought certainly to have said *your illustrious Splendour is a Blockhead*.

In this Country they observe what is called *Decorum* to the highest Degree. A Man in Employment, who has *plundered* without *Mercy*, is in high *Consideration*; if before his *Elevation* he had taken a few *Agatines* upon the *Road*, the *Indecency* had been *severely punished*. A distinguished *Beauty* will forgive an *impudent* Fellow any *Rudeness*, rather than an *indelicate Expression* in her Presence. Her *Husband* is not such a *Tyrant* as to pretend to have any *Claim* upon his *Wife's Heart*; but his *Impatience* surpasses all *Bounds*, if her *Amusements* are not perfectly *decent*. A little before the *Admiral's* Arrival, they had just formed an *Establishment*, where such of the *softer Sex*, as were so *disposed*, might part with their *Virtue*, and yet preserve great *Decency*.

Amongst the *Frivolians*, as well as in *Europe*, they talk very much of a Thing called *Merit*: It is however a great Chance if a Man gets *any thing* by it; but it is a clear Case there, that it is infinitely better to be what they call *well received*. Those that are so are not able to tell you *how it happens*, whether from the *Turn* of their *Features*, their *Behaviour* in general, or from a kind of a lucky *Smile*, that sits constantly dimpled on the *Face*. Among these People that are *well received*, one perhaps has something *taking* in his *Dress*, another is a fortunate *Gamester*, and a *Third* may be tells a Story *prettily*. In this Country they are not at all surprized to

see a *Courtier* disgraced for having something *awkward* about him.

Honour is far from being in the same Situation with *Merit*, to this all put in their *Claim*, and you hear it every *where*, and upon every *Occasion*. They do not tell you here, that they have the *Pleasure*, but they have the *Honour* to *see* you, to *speak* to you, to *serve* you, and to have the most *profound Respect* for whatever are your *Titles*. A young *Ward* of *Quality* has his *Tutors* of *Honour*; the *Tribunals* are loaded with *Counsellors* of *Honour*, the *Hospitals* have their *Directors* of *Honour*; and so many of the *Sex* as have *Places* at *Court*, are *Ladies* of *Honour* of *Course*. People of *elevated* Professions would *blush* at the Thoughts of being *paid* for the *Service* they rendered the *Public*; yet this proves no *Bar* to their accepting large *Honorary Rewards*. But the *Nobility* have a kind of peculiar and exclusive Right to *Honour*; a noble *Friivolian*, who has only the *Misfortune* to be an exceeding bad *Husband*, a very indifferent *Father*, an *useless Member* of *Society*, frequently calls his *Honour* to *Mind*, and recommends it to his *Son*. That *Son* out of a *dutiful* *Regard* to his *Father*, is exceedingly careful to lay no *strefs* upon any *Engagement*, how *solemn* soever, except his *Word* of *Honour*; pays none but *Debts* of *Honour*, and if ever he draws his *Sword* and sheds *Blood*, it is on a *Point* of *Honour*. The *Women* have a kind of *Honour* to themselves: They are thought to be so *correct* in *preserving* it, that for the sake of *Safety* their *Husband's* *Honour* has been put into their *Hands*; but *Ladies* of very *high Quality*, commonly desire to be *excused*, on account of their being subject to *Vapours*, *Flutters*, *Distraction*; and then how can they answer for *what they do*?

Honour is essential to *them* of the *Blade*. All *General Officers* are furnished from *Court*, or from the *Capital* at least, and for that

Reason

Reason particular Care is taken in their *Education*. A young *Lord* who is designed for a *Command* in the Army ought to have the *gentlest Taylor*, the ablest *Perfumer*, the gawdiest *Equipage*, the finest *Livery*; he ought to *Play deep*, *Dance often*, and in *Public*, be present at every *Diversion*, and as a Mark of *Genius* give some new Turn to the *Uniform* of the first *Troop*, to which he is *presented*.

This *Elegance of Manners* is not barely diffused through the *fashionable World*, but has penetrated likewise through the *whole Mass* of the *People*. A *Tradesman* views his Goods with a *genteel Air*, and makes you *pay* through the *Nose*, with the best *Grace* in the *World*. The *Artizan* polishes *himself*, as well as the *Toys* in which he *deals*. The *Domestic* need not be told that you take him less for *Service* than for *Shew*; he will express his *Sense* of it in the Manner of *dressing his Hair*, and will make such an Appearance that if from *behind* he should accidentally slide *into* the *Chariot*, the *Mistake* would not be easily *perceived*. It requires a correct *Remembrance of Faces*, to distinguish at all Times between my *Lady*, and my *Lady's Woman*. The Arts of *Pleasing*, Dancing, Music, and exterior *Ornaments*, have made their Way through *all Ranks*; and after all the very *Mob* want nothing to set them on a *Level* with the *Men of Mode*, but to be able to say in a high Tone, *my Fellows*, *my Seat*, *my Estates*, *my Ancestors*.

The *Frivolians* have carried their *Elegance of Manners* even into the *Bosom* of *Religion*. Good Company sometimes visit the *Temple*, to *pass* away the *Time*. They employ themselves there in Complimenting, Nodding, Criticising upon the Peoples *Faces* and *Cloaths*, to the very Moment that the Preacher begins his Discourse. Parson *Walter* would often say that he went thither to *amuse* both his *Eyes* and his *Ears*. The Preacher commonly pre-
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fac'd his Discourse with a Compliment to the *High-Priest* of the *Capital*, and next paid his *Respects* to the Assembly: He then makes a smooth *Oration* in Praise of certain delicate *Virtues*, which may be acquired almost without *Trouble*. The Object of their Adoration is the SUN; they would likewise be thought to *Love* him, but the *Manner* of doing this, has *embarrassed* them not a little. For whether he ought to be the *Object* of their Affection, because he gives *them* Warmth and Light, or because *Heat* and *Splendour* are inherent in himself, has been a Point already in *Dispute* above *one hundred Years*, and will be probably *disputed* for an *hundred Years* to come.

They have proscribed *Polygamy* in this Country, because there is but *one Sun*, and *one Moon*; but Husbands take Pains for all that to be *agreeable* to several Women, and *Wives* would have but a bad Time of it, if they should *resent* such a *Behaviour*. One *Capital Point* in their Religion, is to *condemn* all others. However, Mr. *Richard Walter*, whom we have so often mentioned, was seized even here with a *Desire* of making *Converts*. He made an Attempt upon a Celebrated *Beauty* of the *Court*, who was now and then troubled with *Caprices* of *Virtue*, and who, with a Smattering of *Philosophy*, set off with an agreeable Manner of *Speaking*, attracted the *Respect* of some of the *Brightest Circles* in the *Capital*. He had *two* Obstacles to overcome. One was to disabuse her as to the *Divinity* of the *Sun*, in which he had the good Luck to *succeed*; the other was to detach her from *ten* Lovers, to whom she had hitherto maintained the *strictest Fidelity*. He got over *that* too. He thought himself now in a Manner *sure*. To make you *completely happy* Madam, said he, throw aside that *ZIRPHOS*, which is now the useles *Badge* of *Error*. This was the *Image* of the *Sun*, which had been originally worn as an *Ensign* of *Religion*; but which the

Humour of the *Nation* had long ago converted into an unmeaning *Ornament*. "What do you mean, *Wretch*, cried his fair Pupil in a "Transport of Rage, part with my ZIRPHOS, the most attractive "Article in my *Dress*. I will first part with my *Existence*." From that Moment all *Hopes* were *lost*, and the *Doctor* found himself totally *defeated*.

In reference to their *Conversation*, it is to the full as elegant as their *Manners*. It resembles in every Respect their *Magazines* of *Fashions*. It is a Sort of *Tinsel* Embroidery upon a very *slight Stuff*, a *Fringe* of *Equivocations*, a String of *Questions* that require *no Answers*; a Concatenation of *Jokes*, at which every Body *laughs* of course, without being able to tell what they *laughed* at.

I could not help myself, says the Admiral *smiling*, sometimes at the pretty light airy *Turns* in their *Discourse*, which are the mere Effects of their *Understandings*, dancing always upon the *Surface* of *Things*.

If the *Manners* of the *Frivoliants* are so elegant, *Nature*, says he, has given them *Sensations* different from those of other Men. *Beauty* has every where its *Rights*, but at WITTSBURGH it has absolutely *turned* their *Heads*. It is a *Comet* they are continually *observing*, never desist from pursuing its *Motions*, endeavour as far as in them lies to *intercept* its *Force*; in short they look at *nothing else*, and have *nothing else* to employ their *Talk*.

There are a kind of *little Seats* at *Court* very *inconvenient*, but very much *in vogue*; and some great *Marriages* have been broke off, because truly they would not intitle the *Lady* to a *Stool*.

They are better pleased with the *Appearance* of *Wealth*, than with the *Possession* of *Wealth*. After turning out an *empty Purse*, to convince an *intimate Friend* of their *Inability* to *lend* a *trifling*

Sum, they shew him by way of *Amusement* some *useless Bauble*, that perhaps has cost them *ten* times as much.

You never hear them enquire whether the *Year* is like to be *fruitful*, whether *Trade* flourishes, how *new Magistrates* behave, or what *Schemes* the *Ministry* pursue for the *public Good*. But they are very *importunate* to know whether the *Chimney-pieces* in Fashion this *Winter* be ornamented with *Glass* or *China*, and the most vehement *Transports of Passion* are expressed about *Concerts*, *Operas*, and *Masquerades*. In fine, *rich Furniture* affords them a *Paradise*, *Business* is the *Hell* they would avoid, and public *Diversions* is all the *Heaven* they ever desire to see.

The whole City blazes for a *Victory*, by which the *Nation* is *undone*; but not a Soul expresses Concern about what becomes of a *Law* upon which the *Public Safety* depends. They are passionately *fond* of their Monarch, and yet their *Admiration* surpasses their *Love*. They stun you with the *Number* of his *Guards*, his *Officers*, his *Equipages*, his *Castles*, his *Crown Jewels*, yet of a thousand *beneficent Actions* that he has done you hear not a *Word*. If you tell them that there are *wiser Courts*, that the *Ministers* elsewhere are greater *Politicians* than their *own*, they will hear you very *coolly*; but should you hint that there is a more *splendid* Monarch upon the *Earth*, *Bilbao is the Word*, and *Slaughter must ensue*. You never hear any Man pretend that he has *served*, or is ready to *serve* the *Public*, but nothing is more common than to hear People professing their *Readiness* to *lay* their *Lives*, their *Fortunes*, their *Existence*, at the Emperor's *Feet*. A Citizen who should seriously say, that he esteemed it *glorious* to die in his *Country's Cause*, would only provoke a *loud Laugh*.

RIDICULE is their supreme and darling *Amusement*. An *Ambassador* arrived from a neighbouring *Nation*, one of those to whom the *Perukes* were sent. He signified to the *Etruscians*, that they must

must renounce a certain considerable *Branch* of their *Commerce*, or resolve upon a *War*. It happened very *luckily* for him, and for the Nation who sent him, that his *Nose* was about a *Foot* long, and his *Peruke* frightfully made. They were struck with these *double* Objects of *Ridicule*; they *talked* of them *much*; they *laughed* at them *more*: And in this Fit of good *Humour* they sent him away *perfectly* satisfied.

Sometimes their *Sensations* are so strong, that they are injurious to the *public Tranquillity*; of this the Admiral was an Eye Witness. A *Priest* of the *Sun* was charged with seducing a *Virgin* by the Assistance of the *Black Art*. It was not believed by *one Half*, it was absolutely believed by the *other Half* of the People. Every Body was either on *this Side* or on *that*. One would have imagined from the *Uproar*, that the very Being of the State had depended either upon the Girl's *Virginity*, or the *Continnence* of the *Priest*. A little after an *Actress*, who was very much admired, suddenly *disappeared*. The whole City was in a *Convulsion*, the *Men* swore they would quit their respective *Employments*, the *Women* would never look their *Husbands* in the *Face*, till they saw her on the *Stage* again. The best of it is, that there is no great *Danger* of a *Revolution* in such *Cases*. A new *Entertainment* introduced *à propos*, or even a *New Song* shall restore the *public Peace*.

When we are once acquainted with the *Sensation* and *Manners* of the *Frivoliors*, we shall be the less surprized at some very strange Customs that prevail among them: One of these is to be excessively *loving* upon *New-Year's-Day*. Every Creature is then in Motion, the most extravagant *Compliments*, the kindest *Expressions* of *Friendship* are made to every *Person* they *meet*; and as if these had not only *Sound* but *Meaning*, they are generally accompanied with *Presents*. If this *Humour* could but be converted in-

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to a *Habit*, there would be more *Trade* in this *City* than in all the *Univerſe* beſides.

It is no uncuſtomary thing for a *Woman* upon her *Wedding-Day*, to ſuſpend her *whole Fortune* on her *Neck* and *Ears* ; or for the *Huſband* to ſell his *Eſtate* to furniſh his *Houſe magnificently*.

In the outer Rooms of a *Great-Houſe*, or behind the *Coach*, you may find the likeliſt *Young Fellows* in the whole *Island*, lazily lounging out their *Lives* ; and at the ſame *Time* *eating up* their *Maſters*.

The *Provinces* in the mean *Time* regret the *Loſs* of *Two Hundred-Thouſand* able-bodied Men, who would be ſtill a *greater Burthen*, if ſent down again, with all their *Town Vices* about them.

There are many of the *Nobility* and *Gentry* in very *indifferent* Circumſtances ; it is a *Point of Honour* that they ſhould remain ſo. *Trade* might raiſe them into a *better Condition*, but *Trade* it ſeems would *debaſe* them. As if *Independency* was not the only kind of *Nobility* according to the *Dictates* of *Reaſon* and *Laws* of *Nature*.

The *Country* ſwarms with *Judges*. When a *Perſon* aſpires to that *Dignity* it is underſtood that he paſſes a ſtriſt *Examination*. The *firſt* *Queſtion* aſked him is, *how many Agatines* he has in his *Purſe*? If he can but answer this *pertinently*, he need give himſelf very little *Trouble* about the *reſt*. Another ſtrange *Prac-tice* is, that the *ſame* *Cauſe* runs through *ſeveral* *Courts*, ſo that *one* *Deciſion* muſt be had after *another*. A *Man* therefore ought to go to *Law young*, if he means to ſee the *End* of his *Suit*. I was, ſays the *Admiral* in his *Memoirs*, under infinite *Concern* for an *unhappy* *Man* who *carried* his *Cauſe*. The *Suit* was for a pretty little *Eſtate*, which however, when it came to be *ſold* would not pay the *Lawyer* his *Bill*. It is indeed true, that the *Writings* in
the

the Course of the *Cause* would have compleatly covered the *Land* and it is a Point settled, that a *Square-Foot* of *Writing* is of much more *Value*, than a *Square-Foot* of *Soil*. The *Fortune* of an *Individual* sometimes shall depend upon the *Colour* of the *Paper* that contains his *Title*; if that is not *Lilly-White*, all the *Covenants* therein are not worth a *Rusb*.

In this Island there are more *Priests* of the *Sun*, than there are *Merchants* on the *Exchange* of *London*. The greatest Part of these are *Young*, that they may not fright the *Laity* when they come to receive their good Counsels. The Duties of these *Holy People* are comprehended within a narrow Compass. They must keep strictly to the *Dress* prescribed, and wear their *Hair* in a particular Manner, chaunt their *Hymns* to the *Sun* at settled Hours; and above all they must adhere to their *Vow*, that even the *loveliest* Woman is not *amiable*. As to all *other Things* they may follow the *Bent* of their *Inclinations*.

There are some amongst these Holy People, environed with all the *Splendour* that *Riches* can purchase or bestow: Yet it is *supposed* that they *place no Value* on these Things, but keep them purely from an Apprehension that they might fall into Contempt with the *Vulgar*, if they did not *decorate* their *Virtues*. They reckon that there are above *Two-thousand* Temples, a prodigious Number of *Altars* in each, and every one of these is loaded with *little Ornaments*. It is however no uncommon Sight to behold the *Hign-Altar* of the *Sun* abandoned, while those dedicated to *Planets* and *Constellations* are crouded with *Devotees*.

It is much to be *regretted* that the Admiral was not able to spend *more Time* in this *Island*, since we might then have been in Possession of a more *distinct* Account of this *extraordinary Nation*. All the necessary *Repairs* of the *Squadron* were finished, the *Vessels*

thoroughly *careened*, the new *Tender* launched, and all the *Provisions* on board. They waited only for a fair *Wind* in order to *sail*. The Admiral during his long and terrible Navigation, had taken abundance of Pains to keep up the *Spirits* of his *People*; those significant Phrases *our dear Country, invaluable Liberty, the Glory of Old England, and immortal Reputation*, in Consequence of their being continually *thundered* in their *Ears*, had by Degrees found a *Passage* into their *Hearts*. There was not so much as a *Soldier* or a *Sailor* aboard, who did not think his *Actions* might become the *Subject* of a *Parliamentary Enquiry*, or who made the smallest Doubt that the *Eyes* of all the *People* of *Great-Britain* were fixed upon his *Conduēt*.

Such was the *Frame* of their *Minds* at the *Time* that they set *Foot* in this *Island*; but their *Intercourse* with so *lively* a *Nation*, and it may be the *Nature* of the *Aliments* upon which they had so long *subsisted*, had made very considerable *Changes* in their *Constitutions*. They had no longer any *Inclination* to go in *search* of *Dangers* and *Enemies*, to spend their *Days* in *Labour* and *Pain*, or to set *no Value* upon their *Lives*; on the contrary they began to *laugh* with the *Frivolians* at all those *Masculine Virtues*, which found, augment, and perpetuate *Free States*.

The Admiral was but too thoroughly *convinced* of *this*, and therefore pressed the *Embarkation*, as much as was in his *Power*. At length he obtained his *Audience of Leave*. The Emperor however would by no *Means* consent to his *Departure*, but upon *Condition* that he should leave behind him *Four* of his *Crew*, at the *Choice* of his *Supreme-Elegance*. The Admiral *trembled*, tho' without *Cause*; for we are apt to *Fear*, for what we *Wish* to *preserve*. He was under a *Terror*, that this *Choice* should fall upon his *Captains* or *Pilots*; but he was quickly released from these

these disagreeable Sensations. His *Supreme-Elegance* cast his Eyes upon the *three* Barbers, the great Artificers of *Perukes* and of *Locks* of every Sort. The fourth was a *Soldier*, who had a *Mechanical Turn*, and who had bid fair for Immortality, by the Invention of a *Summer-Equipage*, in which several *Pairs of Bellows* were so dexterously *inserted* as by the very *Motion* of the *Machine*, to furnish the *Breath* of *Zephyrs* even in the most sultry *Seasons*.

It is not in any body's Power to command a *Wind*, for which as the *Squadron* was obliged to wait, and as the *Crew* were not any longer employed in necessary Labours, they were permitted to *strolc* about the *Country* in the *Vicinity* of the *Capital*. Some of the Sailors had taken it into their Heads to scale a *Ridge* of *Mountains* on the *Summit* of which the *Earth* was burnt to *Powder*, without Trees, without Herbs; but in the *Dust* of which, were plentifully scattered a kind of *Crystalline* Stones, and *Marcasites*, in which *Veins* of *Gold* were very *conspicuous*. As soon as the Admiral was apprised of this, he went thither with those about him, who were *skilled* in *Mines*. He examined thoroughly the *Texture*, *Quality* and *Produce* of these *Marcasites*, for which Purpose he caused them to be dug up in several Places; and having taken the *Position* of the *Ground* precisely he returned to the *Squadron*.

Extreme *Joy* diffused itself through all his *People*, their *Imaginations* were already at the *Bottom* of the *Mine*. They computed what immense *Treasures* it contained, and the *Time* necessary to draw them *out* of the *Bowels* of the *Earth*. We cannot tell, said they, how long we may be *detained* here, nay who knows whether we shall quit this *delicious Isle* at all? But if we leave it, let us not leave it without carrying off the *Riches* that are *our own*, in Right of *Discovery*, and which we are sure the Islanders will never *dispute*, because they have *no Idea* of their *Value*. The *Notions* of the

Admiral upon this Subject, were of a quite different Kind ; he imposed the strictest *Silence*, with respect to the *Mine*. It was upon this Occasion that he *swore* his Company never to speak of this *singular Island* ; and at the same Time he gave out *Orders*, that no Man should *quit* his *Ship* upon *Pain* of *Death*.

All the *Delights* of this charming Island never struck the Minds of his *Jolly Sailors* in so affecting a Manner, as at this *Instant*. The Consternation was general, the Signs of Grief and Care, were not so apparent in their *Faces* even in Times of *greatest Danger*. So much less terrible is a *Storm* at *Sea* than the *Tempest* of the *Mind* ! But the Admiral, exclusive of the Power vested in him by his *Command*, had that Natural, that Divine Authority, that springs from *Superior Virtue* ; and while sympathetic *Grief* would have melted the *Soul* of almost *any other Man*, he was pleasing himself with the *Hopes*, that when they were once at *Sea*, he should be able to dissipate these effeminate *Dreams*, and restore their *pristine Vigour*. The next Morning it blew a smart *Gale* from the West, the Squadron immediately weighed, and stood away to the *South-Seas*, to plunder *Payta*, a rich Town in *Peru*, where the *Spaniards* were in the deepest Security. The rest of his *immortal Exploits* are to be found in the *History* of his *Voyage* and make no part of my Subject.

But I must ask leave to suggest a few *hasty Reflections*. A Fit of *Patriotism* has seized me : It is natural enough after having talked so long of the *British Genius*. Admiral *Anson* has discovered a Country in a *fine Climate*, a Nation *easily* subdued, and *Mines* of *Gold*. He has enjoined *Silence* upon *Oath* ; he has made it a *Secret* of *State*. Can we doubt that some Time or other he means a Conquest ? And why should not we *attempt* it ? Shall we always leave it to the *Maritime Powers*, to *discover* and

and to *subdue*? Are we not *Maritime Powers* ourselves; since we have the *Mediterranean* on one Side, and the *Ocean* on the other? Let us then for once prevent the *English*, or if in Point of *Conscience* we are *Scrupulous* of making ourselves *Messers*; let us at least establish a *lawful* and *advantageous Commerce* with *Frisoland*. The Admiral fairly acknowledges that notwithstanding their *Rage* of *Luxury*, the People are not yet got to that height of *Taste* which prevails in *London*; and yet what is the *Taste* of *London*, in Comparison of the *Enchantments* of *Paris*? What Eagerneſs would the *Frivoliſians* expreſs for our *Tapeſtries* of the *Goblins*, the *Varniſhes* of *Martin*, our enamelled *Toys*, our *Damaſk Sword-Blades*, our rich *Stuffs* of *Lyons*, and all thoſe innumerable *Materials* for *Finery*, which *distinguish* our *Men*, and which give an incomparable *Value* to our *Women*? Are we not *Inventors* and *Manufacturers* of *Fopperies* for *Europe*? How do we know that our *Romances*, our *Comedies* and our *Operas*, that multiply here with ſuch *Success*, may not prove a profitable *Branch* of *Commerce* there? However, don't let both Sexes be *frighted* at ſuch a *Propoſal*. We will carry theſe *Americans* only the *Superfluity* of our *Superfluities*, and bring back in *Exchange* their *Gold*, which they can very well *ſpare*.

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